Choke

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/16508237.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Rape/Non-Con
Categories:	M/M, Other
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Tentacle Rape, Asphyxiation, Double Penetration, Dreams and Nightmares, Implied Somnophilia, Deepthroating sort of, Implied canonical non-con pseudo-medical procedure, Non-Consensual Drug Use
Language:	English
Series:	Part 14 of Kinktober 2018
Stats:	Published: 2018-11-03 Words: 1,219 Chapters: 1/1

Choke

by jonnimir

Summary

Kinktober Day 14: Tentacles + Asphyxiation

Will has a bad dream that might not entirely be a dream.

Notes

I don't know how I ended up writing tentacle porn, but here I am. Had to take a break from posting Kinktober fics to work on my fic exchange, trying to keep my drafting/editing balanced for max productivity. And I was a bit short of enthusiasm on this prompt and the next, but I'm past that now and more are definitely on the way!

Non-con note: You know that half-asleep feeling where some of the stuff in your dream is actually happening around you in real life, and the rest is your brain making up bullshit to go with it? We only see Will's perspective, so severity of non-con could range from from dream rape + canonical invasive dickishness to dream rape + non-con groping and/or additional penetration. I see it as somewhere in the middle, but I'm leaving it open for interpretation.

- Translation into Русский available: Удушье by SnakeCorps

It wasn't unusual for Will to have strange dreams. Or nightmares, rather. More and more often, as the days passed and he felt he was losing control of himself and his entire life, his dreams became equally dark and ominous. If not murderous, then they were surreal and disjointed—feathered stags in the woods, or bodies hung and bleeding in the void.

Today it was an ocean that surrounded him, cold and dark, near black. He wasn't drowning, but he was chilled to the bone, and his limbs dragged too slowly through the water to keep him afloat.

And the darkness that wrapped around him felt alive. A brush across his wrist or bare back, a slither around his ankle. The currents here must be strong, because it felt increasingly like he was immersed in a writhing creature rather than the empty sea.

Then he felt something creeping over his shoulder and onto his neck. Something thick and smooth, not a vague sensation but fully formed. Panic burst bright in his chest as it wound around his neck, and he grabbed at it but couldn't get a good grip to pull it away. But then it did on its own, only to wind itself around his arms and wrap them tight against his body.

He kicked out in the murky water and made contact with something dense, which then wrapped around his ankle and tugged it away to the side. Then another, winding several times around the opposite ankle, tying itself snug, and pulling it aside until his legs were spreading open.

The thing went back to his neck, stroked up his throat and along his jaw, behind his head. It pulled his head back until he was staring into the dim light of the surface far above. Shadows wound through the light, serpent-like. Tentacles, he realized.

He opened his mouth, starting to hyperventilate, and a smaller one sneaked between his teeth and pried his jaw wide, just as one of the shadows above turned and dove right at his face. He tried to turn his head away, but was held firmly still. The tentacle breached his lips and teeth, and then his tongue, his soft palate. It forced his jaw so wide he couldn't even gain leverage to bite down, and he doubted it would be effective, as thick as this thing was. He gagged as it hit his throat, and then it paused, withdrew slightly. Another tentacle forced his chin back further, head tilting as far back as it would go. Then the one invading his mouth pressed deeper again, ignoring his gagging this time. It forced itself down until it lay thick and wriggling far down his throat, making his throat contract violently to try to eject it.

He writhed, desperate to free himself, but his limbs were too tightly secured. Worse, as his body strained to escape and the tentacle in his mouth slid along his tongue and down his throat, he felt his cock twitch. He couldn't help it—he felt so vulnerable and exposed, pinned in place and *used* by this monstrous thing.

His lungs tried to force out a moan, even though it only came out as a gurgle, and his hips thrust forward involuntarily, though it was a small motion.

It was only a moment before tentacles brushed along his thighs, teasing the sensitive skin between them as they neared his crotch. He couldn't close his legs even as they became

increasingly invasive, and when one wrapped around his cock he felt himself actually bucking into it. His resistance crumpled in his chest. There was no point in fighting it; the creature was too strong and he couldn't even move an inch. And this felt good.

The tentacle squeezed his cock curiously, snaking up until it probed at the tip. It wiggled right against the slit and he squirmed. A second lapped against his asshole, surprisingly slick, until it pressed into him.

Will's body jerked as hit his prostate and began sliding in and out, fucking into him. The tentacle fucking him was so slick it didn't even hurt, just felt intense. But he felt it stretching more and more, widening, going in deep and slithering through his intestine. Between it and the tentacle on his cock, he was fast on the way to overstimulation.

The tentacle in his throat followed suit, beginning to thrust down his throat in small strokes that felt obscene against his tongue, and made him gag even worse. The one on his cock quickened its pace, sliding around the shaft and head, stimulating every inch.

Breathing was already difficult with the tentacle lodged in his throat, but then another wrapped tightly around his neck, beginning a choke that made him lightheaded, blood thrumming dimly in his ears. The one in his throat pressed so deep that he was sure it must have reached his stomach. He was impaled on tentacles from both ends, and his muscles jerked weakly in protest. He had never felt so thoroughly full and violated before, and that shouldn't have turned him on as much as it did.

He couldn't breathe at all, couldn't move, could only close his eyes and feel how deeply he was split open, how helpless, how well and truly fucked.

He heard a voice, as if from a great distance. It came through blurry in his mind, and he couldn't quite recognize it, but it made him shiver. It sounded reassuring, encouraging. It made him want to open himself up even further, offer his body to this monster to fill every inch with itself. But it had already taken as much as it could.

The only thing left to do was let go and come in the dark, salty sea.

When he did, the tentacles around his cock and in his ass withdrew rapidly, and the pressure on his neck eased. The one in his throat rippled, making him gag again, and he knew somehow that it was depositing something in his stomach, even though he lacked the sense receptors to feel it. A deep feeling of nausea. And then the tentacle withdrew, leaving him gagging and coughing.

Eventually he became aware of something that was not quite the sea—something much brighter, where no writhing creatures could hide.

He heard the voice with more clarity, enough to recognize its particular accent.

"… will admit that took me by surprise, Will, but I will certainly not complain."

He blinked foggily. Hannibal's form took shape before his eyes. Will tried to say something, but his throat hurt and he coughed instead. He tried to clutch at his throat, but his arms were

bound to his sides.

“I see you’ve woken up now—at least partially. Though you won’t remember any of this either, I’m afraid. I’ve left something in your stomach for you to find later, and I can’t leave you any memories to contradict what I need you to believe has happened.”

Will could make out the form of a syringe and needle in his still-blurred vision.

“I, however, will be sure to remember how positively you responded to that particular violation.”

The last thing he was aware of was a hand on his cheek, cold against his sweaty skin and following him as he fell into sleep.

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